

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

A Creek Chieftain Married to a Washington Woman.

About the 1st of January, a delegation of Creek Indians arrived in Washington. One of them was Ispahcheer, an Indian whose name had come into sudden notoriety all over the United States. He had set up a rival claim to the head of the Creek nation, and Indian-like had endeavored to assert his claim by fighting. He came up to Washington fresh from the war-path, and the war of tomahawks became a war of words in the interior department. At last Secretary Teller refused to recognize his claims, and said that Cheate was the chief of the nation. The disappointed claimant was then free to go home.

But Ispahcheer had found a balm for his wounded spirit. He was in love. He had been taken by a friend to a house on Ohio avenue, between Thirteenth and a Half and Fourteenth streets, and introduced to a Mrs. Harrover, a woman who is a descendant of a Cherokee Indian. Mrs. Harrover was pleasant, but she had a daughter about twenty-five years old who was pleasant. Ispahcheer was impressed at first sight. Miss Harrover carried her living by manipulating clothes in a wash-tub, and in the performance of her daily avocation frequently visited the Truett house, where Ispahcheer was domiciled. Then the plot thickened, and the courtship of the two waxed warmer. They became engaged although exactly how no one seems to know. The language of love was their only means of communication.

Ispahcheer had decided to leave Washington on the 16th of June, and he wanted the marriage postponed until just before that date. He was afraid it would get into the newspapers, and spread over the country, and become known to his tribe before he reached home. But the argument of his interpreter made him change his mind, and the 4th of June was the date fixed. Last night, therefore, at half past eight o'clock a little party gathered in the parlor of the bride's house. The light of a solitary lamp fell upon the dark and stalwart form of the Indian standing in the room by his white bride, while her family stood over against the walls. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the New York-avenue church. "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" he asked of Ispahcheer. Then the interpreter, Mr. S. B. Callahan, uttered a series of guttural sounds. The chief bowed his head and answered, "I do," in unintelligible Creek. The whole service was thus interrupted.

Ispahcheer is a fine specimen of an Indian—tall, heavily built, with black, glossy hair, and a face which is deeply furrowed. He is fifty-six years old. When interviewed, through the interpreter, by a Post reporter after the ceremony, he said that Indians were generally regarded as poor, wandering, homeless creatures. He was not one of this kind. He had a home and a farm and plenty to live on. He regretted exceedingly his inability to speak English, but he had always lived back in the country among the Indians, and had not acquired the new tongue, as others had, by mingling with the whites. He therefore felt lost among English-speaking people.

Miss Anna Harrover, the bride, is about twenty-five years of age, with pleasing features. She wore a neat dress, and said but little during the interview. She does not understand one word of her husband's language, and he, as stated cannot speak English. "How are you going to get along?" asked the Post reporter. "We understand each other," she said, smilingly.

"I should think they did," said the interpreter, "for they have been counting each other for some month."

Mrs. Ispahcheer said she did not mind going to the Indian Territory, and was perfectly willing to live there.

In a room beneath the parlor a table covered with a white cloth and bearing two plates of plain cake, told of the wedding feast which followed the ceremony.—Washington Post.

Asking Contributions from the Clerks.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The National Republican committee has created a sub-committee, composed of A. M. Chap, Dr. E. A. Adams, W. H. Londermilk, R. T. Greener and Green B. Raum, whose business it will be to compass the collection of money from government officials and employees without making them or any one liable to prosecution under the new civil service law. These gentlemen will open an office on New York avenue, near the Treasury Department, within a few days, and will begin fishing for contributions in the most delicate manner. They will ask for voluntary contributions. They will make officials and clerks understand that it is understood that it is all a matter of free will and that there is "nothing compulsory about it, you know, but entirely voluntary and for the good of the grand old party." A special circular for employees will be issued by the national committee, which will be sent to the homes and residences of the army of voluntary contributors in prospective, instead of to the departments, which will touch eloquently upon the honor that lies in filling the Republican contribution box.

RED SNOW IN THE ROCKIES.

A Phenomenon Thought to Go Toward Explaining the Crime-Snow Mystery.

The following is from the Denver Daily Reporter a few days ago. It appears at first to present facts which illustrate and confirm the theory that the red sunsets were caused by meteoric dust: The red sunsets of some time ago have at last been solved. Our reporter returned this morning from a flying trip to Gunnison county. While there he found the snow on the tops of the ranges as red as if it had been sprinkled with red pepper. Being supplied with chemicals and a blow-pipe outfit, he was enabled to make a test and found it to be meteoric iron. It could not have been a wash from the mountain, as it was on the top of the range, as well as lower down and only on the surface of the snow. Upon digging down a few inches the snow was clean and white. The sun shining through this cloud of red oxide of iron caused its rays to appear red, giving the same effect of a piece of red glass. This dust fell over the entire earth, but was invisible except where caught by the perpetual snow on the mountain tops.

Professor von Diest said he did not think the theory advanced a correct one. "It could not have been meteoric iron," said the Professor, "because iron would by its specific gravity have sunk beneath the surface of the snow and, in addition to this, the color would not have been red, as it is described to have been, but it would have been more like ochre. I imagine that the red substance found upon the snow was the pollen of some flower which had been carried from a distance by the winds. This has been noticed before, travelers in the Arctic regions having spoken of seeing similar appearances upon the snow. Examinations have shown it to be vegetable and not mineral."

How A Woman Won Her Way.

A woman who has spent half her life in journalism at the west, and is now editing a magazine in this city, says: "The woman who succeeds in journalism, or any other profession or business, are those possessed of brains and energy enough to 'make a way.' If there is none already prepared for them. Success does not come to those who sit quietly at home bemoaning the fact that a portion of our laws are unjust to women, and that woman have not all the rights to which, in their judgment, they are entitled. No good is ever gained without an effort, and the only way that I know of to get one's rights is to take them—they will not be brought to them on a silver platter. The woman who feels the necessity of work, either from force of outward circumstance or pressure of energy and will within, will find her pathway hard, uneven, and full of obstacles. If she possesses the talent of patience, which in nice cases put out of her mind, she will serve her better than genius. She will succeed. The chief difficulty with the majority of woman is that they do not begin to labor until they feel the need of money; then in accordance with their necessities rather than their abilities, they demand as much salary as those who have served years of apprenticeship. I shall never forget the first money I earned! It was paid me for a New York letter for the Cleveland Leader. No check for an hundred times that amount will ever seem to me so valuable. It opened the way for me, and when, after a few months, I did general utility work for that journal, I was willing to learn. The editor-in-chief once asked me, 'What would you do if things went wrong with you, madam—cry?' 'No, sir,' I answered, 'I would fight.' The answer, born of my boundless ignorance of the world, pleased him, and he engaged me. There came many times when I felt more like crying than fighting, but I kept to my work, and now look back with thankfulness to the experience gained in apprenticeship."

Extraordinary Comets.

During the last four years some extraordinary comets have paid visits to the ruler of the solar system, and displayed their dazzling trains to the admiration of his attendant worlds. Every one of these comets has been remarkable for some unusual or unaccountable conduct. The big comet of 1881 suddenly flared its streaming tail into the Northern hemisphere, unannounced and unexpected, and surprised the astronomers at their telescopes as much as it did the milkmen on their early morning visits to the purveyors. The comet of 1882 appeared in the world by suddenly appearing at broad noon close to the sun, where it soared like a fiery bird with broad wings extended; as it retreated from the solar system it appeared to be chased by a bevy of little comets to which it had apparently given birth during the terrors of its plunge through the flaming banners of the sun. In 1883 the comet of 1815 reappeared. But the most extraordinary comet of all is the one which was discovered at the Vienna observatory at a month ago. It seems to have been clearly seen, for the observers carefully measured its position among the stars, and it was believed from its place and motions that it was one of the comets of 1858 returning. But after thus showing itself the comet disappeared, and although a battery of telescopes has been brought to bear upon the spot where it appeared from nearly every observatory in Europe, not a glimpse of the mysterious visitor from the realms of outer space has been caught.

Philosophy in Summer.

The Summer School of Philosophy opened its sixth term at Concord the other day. The attendance is unusually large and promises auspiciously for the success of the school this year. Professor W. T. Harris occupied his place as dean. On the platform were the members of the faculty, Mr. Emery presiding. The morning exercises were varied and interesting. There was no formal discourse, but reminiscences from friends of Emerson and extemporaneous remarks about his connection with Mr. Alcott. Readings from the diary of Mr. Alcott occupied much of the time and contained many novel incidents and opinions. In the course of the comments the criticism of the English critics of Emerson were noticed and it seemed the opinion of the speakers that Arnold and Morley had misunderstood the sage of Concord. It was announced that the length of the session would be reduced to ten days and the number of subjects to two. The genius and character of Emerson and immortality will be discussed. Among the speakers to-day were Mr. Emery, Professor Harris, Rev. George W. Cook, F. B. Sanborn, M. Ward and Miss Elizabeth Penbody. The evening session was devoted to the topic, "Emerson as an American." Mr. Julian Hawthorne read an interesting paper already published, and the discussion became general.

The Influence of Poetry on Life.

A waking man thus writes to the Fall Malt Gazette: "Is the poetic sensibility really a pain? You ask the question: let me give a brief and plain review of my own experience during my apprenticeship to life. I was born north of the Tweed. Death too soon appeared in my home, and I was left out on what I found to be a cheerless and callous world. I began to question fate and wondered why my lot should be so hard. I became fond of solitude. I did not even dream of the future. I could see nothing beyond the cruel present, with its daily deadening drudgery. But there came a change. I was on my way one clear and sharp winter night to my lonely garret lodgings, when I passed on the bridge across which I had to pass. I leaned over the parapet, and was gazing down on the black depths below, when suddenly I experienced a mental change which altered the whole current of my being. I could not account for it nor analyze it then, and cannot do so now; but there it was. A wide vista of hope and possibility was spread out before me. I seemed in an instant to have entered on a new and noble stage of life. I had suddenly awakened to a perception of the beautiful, although the light was yet dim."

"About this time I found a companion who was fond of books. He took me often home with him, and we spent the evenings in reading Burns, and Byron, and Scott. Byron was the favorite. We never tired of him. In 'Graham's Sabbath' and Pollock's 'Course of Time,' forgotten though both be nowadays, our youthful minds found numerous passages which pleased. Summer came, and I began to discover in my walks many of the beauties of nature about which the poet sang. In the trees and flowers, the gray hills and green valleys, the simple hamlets, with their blue smoke curling upward in the gloaming, the rising and setting sun, I experienced an inexpressible pleasure which I had never known before. On Sundays I sought the country more and the kirk less. The harmonies which a slight breeze stirred in the fir woods near my home were to me far sweeter than the strains of the well-trained choir in the old cathedral. It was at this stage that my love of descriptive poetry was strongest. 'The Prisoner of Chillon' and the death of Harold had far more attractions than 'In Memoriam.' The years slipped away, and the inevitable changes followed in their train. Fortune ordained that I should visit foreign lands. And what joy then my acquired tastes gave me! I shall never forget the day I spent at the water-fall in the island of Penang—then which spot there is not a more beautiful in this beautiful world—nestling in the wealth of the tropical scenery which there abounds. And nearing Singapore, how truly I felt did Tennyson's lines describe the scene: 'Summer Isles of Eden lying hid dark purple spheres of ocean.' Then and ever afterward I thanked God with all my heart that I had learned to read and appreciate poetry."

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A Jolly Good Story of a Judge.

While attending the Missouri Press Association meeting, recently held at Springfield, I met Frank P. Blair, Jr., and he told the following very good story, which is worth repeating: On one of the many official excursions made by boat to Fortress Monroe and Chesapeake Bay Chief Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court; Justice Hall, of North Carolina and other dignitaries of the bench were participants. When the government steamer had fairly got out of the Potomac and into the Atlantic the sea was very rough and the vessel pitched fearfully. Judge Hall was taken violently with sea sickness. As he was reaching over the side of the vessel and moaning aloud in his agony the Chief Justice stepped gently to his side and laying a soothing hand on his shoulder, said: "My dear Hall, can I do anything for you? Just suggest what you wish." "I wish," said the sea-sick Judge, "your Honor would override this motion!"

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